TO THE PUBLIC. In consequence of the frauds and impositions practicel is is frauds and impositions of an application of the form of my but thes. In future, the Panaces and h tides. In future, the Panage all a put up in round bottles, fluted leptudinally, with the following with blown in the glass, "Swaim's Plana—Philada."

These bottles are much strong than those heretofore used, and of have but one label, which cover to cork, with my own signature onks that the cork cannot be drawn with destroying the signature, without with The medicine none is genuire. consequently be known to be gum when my signature is visible; to me terfeit which, will be punishabi :

forgery.
The increasing demend for this lebrated medicine has enabled ma reduce the price to two dollars peris tle, thus bringing it within the ma of the indigent.

My panacea requires no anchoise its astonishing effects and weeked operation, have drawn, both from h tients and Medical Practitions of the highest respectability, the med use lifted approbation, and established t a character, which envy's pen & dipped in gall, can never tarnish.

The false reports concerning in valuable medicine, which have bes diligently circulated by certain he cians, have their origin either her or in the mischievous effects dis

The Proprietor pledges himself at the public, and gives them the me solemn assurances, that this medical contains neither mercury, mercury

ther deleterious drug.

The public are cautioned not up chase my Panacea, except from self, my accredited agents, or pane of known respectability, and alter will consequently be without and who shall purchase from any set persons. Wm SWAIL Philadelphia, Sept. 1828.

Prom Doctor Valentine Mett, Primerita

son of Surgery in the Université
New York, Surgeon of the New
York Hospital, &c. &c.,
I have repeatedly used Spain's
nacea, both in the Hospital and in

private practice, and have found in be a valuable medicine in three of phylitic and scrofulous completes a in obstinate cutaneous affection.

Valentine Mott, M. N.

New-York, 1st mo 5th, 1824, From Doctor William P Devect junct Professor of Midwifery in in I have much pleasure is and have witnessed the most decided a happy effects in several introductions from Mr. Smith

Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1833

From Doctor James Medse Ments of the American Philosophical ty, &c. &c. I cheerfully add my testimous vour of Mr. Swaim's Panace. Mi remedy in Scrofula. I should terate cases perfectly cured by the the usual remedies had been without effect—those of the and birs. Campbell.

Philadelphia, Peb. 18, 1811
The GENUINE PANAGE
had, wholesele

The GENUINE PANAMA
be had, wholesale and remile
Proprietor's own prices, of
HENRY PRIC
Bole Agent in Baltime
At the corner of Baltime
Nover-streets
Nov 27.

The Journal of Proceeding

December Session 1825, completed, and ready for the print of the complete of t House of Delega

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MISCELL ANY.

From the American Monthly Magazine. DEATH. DEATH.

Pour not the voice of grief
Above the sable bier!
The wary spirit finds relief
In some more hallowed sphere.
What recks it that the lip
Hes lost its thrilling hue—
Untainted was their fellowship
As blushing rose and dew.
And now—too soon a creeping thing,
Will, like a leech, there feed and cling!

Yet weep not for the dead
Who early pass away,
'Ere hope and Joy and youth have fled,
'Ere wee has wrought decay?

Per word in surrought decay?

Better to die in youth

When life is green and bright,

Than when the heart has lost its truth

In age and sorrow's night—

Then wees and years around us throng,

And death's chill grasp is on us long.

And death's chill grasp is on us long.

Life is a rifled flower

When love's pure visions fade—
A broken spell—a faded hour—
An echo—and a shade!

The poet's thirst for fame,
And syren beauty's kiss,
Ambition's height, and honour's name
But yield a phantom bliss—
And man turns back from every goal
Thirsting for some high bliss of soul!

would that died when young!

Thirsting for some high bliss of soul!
Would that died when young!
How many burning tears,
And wasted hopes and severed ties
Had spired my after years!
And she on whose pale brow,
The damp and cold earth lies,
Whose pure heart in its virgin glow
Was mirror'd in dark eyes!
Would I had faded soon with her
My boyhood's earliest worshipper!
Paramort he soins of go!

My boyhood's earliest worshipper!
Pour not the voice of wo!
Shed not the burning tear
When spirits from the cold earth go
Too bright to linger here!
Unsulied let them pass
Into oblivion's tomb—
Like snow flakes melting in the sea
When rife with vestal bloom,
Then strew fresh flowers above the grave
And let the tall grass ofer it wave! and let the tall grass o'er it wave!

rom the Ladies Lit. Port Folio. THE EXILE.

houghts are travellers, over the waters was a pleasant evening in August, at I wandered out from the din and stle of apopulous town on the seaard, to enjoy the cool evening air. re had been a shower during the , in the city, but its good effects been evanescent, and the heat med to glow with a still greater insity, after the rain had disapared from the hot pavements. As walked out of the city, however, large drops glittered upon the sas they reflected the radiance the setting sun, and the healthful igorating air of the ocean stole a gentle spell over my senses. I proached a point—a frequented k, projecting out into the sea, ast which the light waves broke h a soft, lulling sound. I stood ing upon the scene which spread like enchantment before me. en I fancied I heard at a short disce, the low murmur of a human ce, as of one speaking in an under to a companion. ed the spot whence the sound ceeded, and saw, in the uncertain light, a young man reclining at fength upon the ground; his head ted off upon the sea, and repeat-

me lines, of which I only caught following:—
fet now despair itself is mild,
pen as the winds and waters are;
bid lie down like a sir'd child,
nd weep away the life of care
bich I have borne and still must bear
Hash like sleen, might steal on me, death like sleep, might steal on me, ek grow cold, and here the sea

he o'er my dying brain its last mono nere was a melancholy tone, a pear tenderness in the manner in ch this beautiful stanza was reed, that evinced in the speaker unison with the sentiments of author. He raised his head he had finished speaking; and was now discovered, I walked ly towards him. I felt that I intruding upon the solitude of remarked with embarata that the lines I had by acciheard repeated, were, I believ-

olley's writings.
They doubtless' once bespoke the otions of his heart, as they truly adword my owin, was the reply, many and colding given.

and I soon recognized in him a gen-tleman whom I had often seen in street, where he passed his time, for the most part, in walking the piazza in front with a sad and downcast look, apparently wrapt in the bitterest reflections; for his eye avoided the interchange of glances with any one, and he stood alone, in the midst of bustle and confusion, not unnoticed, but unnoticing any thing that was passing around him.

I walked away from the stranger, offering as I took my leave an awkard but sincere apology for my intrusion. In my after rambles of an evening, I used frequently to meet him, and, contrary to my expectations, he passed the usual salutations, and though the spile he put on, conceal a sickening heart, yet the apparent change kindled a momentary feeling of pity, for his seemingly inhappy situation.

evening I met him alone. He offered me his hand, as he inquired, Will you accept an apology for my abrupt manner towards you a few evenings since?"

There is no apology necessary,' I answered, for at least not from you: was the offender.' Thus commenced a conversation, which led, after some preliminary enquiries, to the relation of the following story. -

'My history,' said the stranger, inight remove unfavourable impressions concerning me which my appearance and manner cannot but create. Yet the exterior is but too true an index of the internal agony I feel. I have endeavoured to forget the shadowy and changeful past-the pictures of my sunny childhood and youth-the after days of darkness and ill-the trying and heart warying scenes through which it has been my lot to pass, but all in yain. When this frame shall have mingled with its kindred clay—when my feverish and troubled spirit shall have found its last and long wished for repose, then, and only then, shall I cease to be miserable.

'I was born and educated in London. As my parents moved in the highest circle, and were rich, my young existence passed quickly away. An almost unbroken sunshine of happiness brought me to the age of eightteen. I had never known want; I looked forward, therefore, with ardour to the sunny future; happy in contemplating the past, and sanguine of felicity in the coming years; little thinking that a night, dark, gloomy and cheerless, was soon to shroud my happiness in its shadowy folds.

I was placed with an eminent bar rister in the inner temple, at the study of the law, a profession which I had chosen as the most agreeable to me, & one as I fancied, the best calculated to lead to eminence. I studied with unwearied assiduity and attention, and soon won the esteem of my friends no less than the admiration and good will of my patron.

I had a sister, two years younger two persons knit by stronger ties than were my sisterand me. Through ourglad innocentchildhood—through agitated voice, 'Is it my brother?' the years of more advanced youth, On being answered in the affirmative, ed languidly upon his hand, as he she had been the companion of my she unbarred the door, and smiled choice, and the partaker of my evan escent sorrows. She was a beau-tiful girl, when I commenced my studies; scarcely sixteen-just bud

ding into blushing womanhood. Among my companions in the is ner templo was the son of a noble peer; a young man of apparently a gonerous disposition, and apparently possessed of the finest feelings of our nature. - A unison in our habits and modes of thinking, soon made us nutual friends. I made him my con fidant. I introduced him to my parents-to my sister-and gave them to understand that he was worthy of all the attention and goodness they might bestow upon him.

From this time he became a constant visitor; and I was pleased to rents, and something more delicate and tender in my sister. I was not from my sister's blushes when-

The speaker's voice was familiar.

Ind I soon recognized in him a gendleman whom I had often seen in leman whom I had often seen in been in affluence and ease have experienced like reverses, though never followed more disastrous effects. Suffice it to say, that our family was forced to remove from the scenes of Regent street, to the narrow limits of St. Martin's Lane. Oh, the cruelty and heartlessness of the vicious wealthy when in power! Yet the friendship of the world ever vanishes with the passing away of that for which the world toils-its wealth.

We were not, however, unhappy, the change from affluence to comparative poverty had only served to cement the love and affection which before had bound us. My sister was contented, even happy. Her books and other sources of intellectual enjoyment, had been spared; and the friend to me, the more than friend to her, continued his visits, rendering little gratification in our retirement, without making us feel our obligations to him, and apparently disgusted with the importance gene rally placed upon wealth and its vain trappings; and while I was engaged in my studies which my kind patron suffered me to do, under his gratuitous instructions, Tenvied not that wealth which had brought clustering around me the heartless sycophants, who, when the cloud of adversity rested upon me, clung around the sunny

side of other friends. 'I was returning one evening at late hour from my avocations, and was about to enter St. Martin's Lane from Charing Cross, when I heard a low conversation in which I fancied I caught the frequent repetition of the name of my sister. As I approached nearer, I could discover by the light of the lamp near which they were standing, a little group, engaged in a laughing jovial sort of small talk; and again I heard a name pronounced as familiar to me as was the voice of the speaker. I paused to ascertain what could be said by a friend, in the public street, of her for whose happiness I would have left nothing unaccomplished.

She is a pretty girl, we know, Eugene,' said one of the party, 'but who the d -l would come from Regent street to marry a poverty stricken beauty in St. Martin's Lane? What would they say at the west end?'

'Marry her!' replied a voice I knew too well, 'egad, I never indulged such an idea, my dear fellow; but then you know she esteems me too much to be cast slightly away-eh?

"Were it an affair of mine," replied another, 'I should have no hesitation what course to pursue; she is poor you say-ergo, she will require your assistance; render it, and your kindness will have won an affection as strong as the love of life."

'I am afraid I am the subject of such an affection already,' was the cold hearted, chilling answer. blood broiled, as I turned away from the spot, and hastened to undeceive my sister.
There was a glimmering light in

her apartment; and when I rapped at than myself, who was all that lovely the door no answer was returned; I woman could be; and never were raised the knocker again, but no reply; and I heard the window gently raised, and my sister enquired in an through the tears which dimmed her mild blue eye. 'It is as I thought Mary,' said I; 'you begin to realize the bitterness of poverty, and repine at its degradation.' 'Oh no! it is not poverty, nor its evils, but worse than all; he whom I have too fondly loved is a villain, false and untrue. I have rejected his dishonoured proposals with disdain, and when he left the house, I dreaded and feared his return!' In the agony of her young innocent heart her wounded affection found relief in another flood of tears.

'This, in addition to the aggravating intelligence I was about to impart, was enough to fix me in my rash purpose. I left the room, and sought him, for whom, two days before, I would have laid down my life. observe a growing attachment and I sought him to kill him! I found esteem for him manifested in my papresence of his two companions stabbed him to the heart, and sent disappointed, far less dissatisfied, to him id a moment to his last account. His companions fled, but I remained ever his name was mentioned, that by the body of my former friend she cherished him in her heart of and heard the husky death guigle earls.

I will not tire your patience with fore was coursing through his young

suming a deadly purple; and the smile which he had worn when he had received the fatal blow still lingered in the dying expression of his face. He turned his eyes slowly and wildly upon me as he cast a lingering gaze upon each object, as they gren dim and indistinct before his failing vision. He was beautiful in death, and the well spring of my friendship and tenderness was opened as I gaz-

ed upon his face; and I wept.
'I stood in a painful reverie by the side of my victim until the officers of justice arrived; and I was hurried to prison upon my own confession of guilt. The report of the death of a gay and handsome young nobleman, by the hands of his intimate friend. brought numbers to see me, some to pity, some to insult. Language cannot describe the emotions I felt, when my parents and sister, whom I had not been permitted to see after my arrival, visited the murderer in his cell. They came with hopes and fears—their hopes were buried in despair, their 'fears were all too true.' The memory of this scene is too much; imagination grows brighter and brighter, as I look back upon this dark page of my existence.

'It was but a few days before the General Sessions, and the day soon came for my trial. I was led through the subterrancan passage from Newgate to the bar of justice, in the Old Bailey, there tried, found guilty, and fixed for my execution. pass the many agonizing hours I ex-perienced, and come to the awful night before the morning on which I was to have been made an example to gaping thousands. My friends, at my request, had left me forever. I had kissed, for the last time, the pale lips of my angelic sister, and was left to my reflections.

'Everyone knows, though all have not felt, that there is a peculiarly awful and undefinable sensation, comes over us, as we contemplate the grave, and the unknown and mysterious existence to which we must pass, through its narrow and gloomy precincts. We shrink from that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns,' though life itself is misery. And I had felt all this. I have stood upon its solemn brink, and surveyed at a glance my gloomy passage to the land of spirits But I tire your patience, and hasten the conclusion of my eventful histo-

ry.
'On that awful morning I was liberated. Of the humane persons who, at the risk of their own lives, enabled me to escape impending death, I can say nothing; suffice it to say that an incredibly short period after I emerged from my dungeon, and while all London was alive in searchsel bound to America, amply suppli-ed with money, which enables me to live independently in this country: The fictitious name I have borne has enabled me frequently to hear from England. My father is no more, my sister is married legally—she has given her hand to a wealthy and worthy gentleman, the better to support her aged mother, sinking, as she is, into her last repose. I think at times, in my feverish dreams, that I again behold my sister, and the butchered, that looked so awful in the agontes of dissolution; and

"I turn to clasp those forms of light And the pale morning chills mine eye." Here closed the stranger's story. As he has long since 'faded from the things that be,' I have penned his hasty sketch, knowing that what was imparted to me in confidence, cannot now pain him who is so far beyoud the reach of earthly suffering.

The cypress which throws its shadow o'er his place of rest, is fanned by the pure breezes from the He sleeps upon the spot where while living it was his only pleasure to hold communion with the holy works of nature, and where his las low whispered prayer to Heaven for forgiveness, mingled with the soft waves, as they broke gently below.

MAXIMS

When a very rich man is very sick he feels how worthless wealth it-Vice that watches is an overmatch for virtue that slumbers.

Time is the gradle of hope, and tomb of ambition. AGNES.

A FAITHFUL SERTCH. By Mrs. S. C. Hall-

A little Christian humility and sober mindedness are worth all the wild and metaphysical discussion, which has unsettled the peace of vain wo-man, and forfeited the respect of reasonable men.' Hannah Moore. 'She must have been very beautiful!' 'No, my dear, she was not.'
'Rich?'

'Accomplished?' .What do you mean by accomplish-

·Understand the Italian and French languages, music, drawing, and—Oh, my dear friend! every thing, in short.' 'It is difficult, Mary, to understand 'every thing,' I observed, and it would, just now, occupy too much time to dis-cuss the ideas which you evidently connect with the word 'accomplished;' but I will simply tell you, that in your sense of the term, Agnes was not accomplished!' complished?

Mary paused. 'Indeed! then, my dear madam, what was it that made you love her so dearly? Neither pos-sessed of riches nor beauty, nor accomplishments-what had she to recom mend her?—perhaps she was amiable?'
'She was indeed!'

Oh! then it is merely amiability that you value! Something like a sarcastic smile, sullied the handsome features of my young friend as she made this remark: but it disappeared, when I nad looked for a moment steadily on ner countenance.

"If by amiability, you mean a weak and fluttering sensibility, which drops tears with the same rapidity, and the same weight, over a faded leaf and a dying friend, I do not value it at all: but I value that benevolence in trifles." which is obliged by obliging, & which, spring from the true root—the love of spring from the true root—the love of the Creator—bears the fruit of abun-dant love to our fellow creatures.'

'Perhaps,' said Mary, 'she had few temptations Neither handsome, rich, nor accomplished, the world could not have charmed her as much as those who were considered more highly gifted.'

Not so, my love. I nave said she was not handsome; but her slight and delicate figure, the touching music of her voice, and her sweet calm smile, harmonized so delightfully, that the most severe critics in female beauty— possessed of no glittering stores, her bank in society was more than respectable; and the want of accomplishments was never felt, because she was ever employed in drawing forth the abilities of her friends. Her history has nothing of romance to recommend it—it is simply the tale of one, who felt that: Faith builds a bridge across the gulph

of Death, To break the rock blind Nature can-

not shun:' and who acted on this belief. If health, at a very early period of life, prevented her from anticipating in, or enjoying the usual recreations of youth; and he consequently acquired a more intimate knowledge of herself. This she improved: she felt, that to satisfy an immortal spirit, more is wanted than the world can give, and as her faith in-creased, it was manifested in love and charity towards all human kind.

There were two in the world to whom the heart of Agnes clung with enduring affection. One, a high spirit caused much sorrow. 'I know he lov-ed me,' she would say: but he loved also the gay and giddy world; what he loved, I should soon have loved, and have devoted my life to his pleasures, not to the self denying duties of a Christian Christian. 'In common with all pure and deli-

cate minds she was very fond of flow-ers; yet she did not love the gay rose, or stately lilly, so much as the timid snow drop, or the prim and yellow crocus, whose thin green leaves wave ovry of its departing power—and to the last she loved to wander amongst green lanes and tranquil meadows, there to ommune with God surrounded by his beautiful works. One evening we ram-bled so far, that we were much fatigued, and we sat under a wide spreading beech, whose leaves were beginning to tremble and fall in the autumn blast. She laid her bonnet on the grass, and reclining her head against the tree, pointed to the departed aun, who was casting a flood of gorgeous light over the surrounding landscape.

'All the world's bravery that delights our eyes, Is but thy several liverien

No. 31.

Thou the rich die on them bestows?
Thy nimble pencil pair'st this landscape as thou goes?
A crimsou garment in the rose thou
wear'st,
A crown of studded gold thou bear'sts

The virgin lilies, in their white, Are clad but with the fawn of almost

naked light."
'Very beautiful, my friend, are those lines, and sher very heautiful but re-ligion, our religion, unites all the beau-ty or poetry with the solidity of reasons, the sun sets, but it dies not—even so the Christian. Lalled to see her the next day, and found her a silent corpset the

and found her a silent corpse; the same smile rested on her lip as when I bid her farewell on the preceding even-ing. I learnt that she retired to rest as usual, but in the morning, when her infant brother attempted to take her hand, it was cold and lifeless; a pocket Bible was found under her pillow, the leaf turned down at the 12th of Loke, and those words underlined with her pencil. 'Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many spar-

From the Saturday Evening Post.
CHAMBERS OF DEATH.
To the mind of contemplation—the soul of feeling, there is a gloomy satis-faction, a melancholy pleasure, in re-flecting on the mysterious workings of divine wisdom, in the government and control of the universe, a pleasure springing from a firm and christian springing from a firm and christian confidence, in those gracious promises, which the objects of his faith, the master of his religion, has left behind for the consolation of his followers

To such a mind, even the chamber of death affords a theme of consolation, dark and dismal as is the picture, to the fancy of an ordinary observer, the To observe the silent depurtment, the

To observe the silent deportment, the pensive looks, and half suppressed sobs, pensive looks, and nail suppressed sous, of the mourning relatives, as they press around the couch of a dying husband and father, gives rise to emutious in the minds of most men far from enviable; destruction, is the parent of a numerous dependants, in the commence of the had he looked forward to the enjoyments of many days, and in the joy of his soul, hoped for nappiness; but in the in det of his golden hours, had the in-comprehensivie decree of fate marked him for the spoiler's scythe, and impresed upon his manly brow the signet of death! Like the wild and sturdy buck of the forest wounded by the poisoned arrow of the savage hunter, he rolls from side to side as if struggling for victory against the fellow destroyer—mark the distraction of his countenance, as he meets the southing, surrowful, look of her who bends over him watch-ing with the fondness of female affection, his every motion, endeavouring by every attention which the strongest attachment could invent, to 'amouth the rugged pillow of disease, and soften the last moments of departing life. It is the voice of memory, speaking through the recollection of by gone days, and the agony of grief at the prespects of separation. The momentary reflection which flitter across his mind with the vivid force of the lightning's flash, that she, who had been the object of his earliest and fundest love, the constant sharer of his griefs, the partner of his joys and the soother of his sorawful and gloomy feelings, must soon be left the sole and only protector of their mutual offspring, convulsed with agonizing feelings has departing soul.

But mark again the suiden change!

His features have assumed the calm se-

comfort—the christian's consolation! which speaks to the dying soul in accents sweeter far than the mildest music of Heaven's softest bre-zes, teaching it resignation and confidence in the dispensation of Providence. His thoughts no longer rest as objects of thoughts a stonger reat on objects of this world, they are directed towards heaven, imploring a benediction upon those dear objects, which were the constant subjects of his care in this life, he feels no longer the pain of body, for altho' the spirit still lights up his features with a heaven like smile, his soul seems to be lingering midway between earth and heaven. The crisis has ar-rived, death has accomplished his ob-

rived, death has accomplished his object, but the victory belongs to the victim; truly may the find man exclaim:

'O. Death hastere is thy sting!

O. Grave! where is thy victory!

No longer is the chamber of death characterized by the awal silence of suspense, the disconsulate widow, whose affection had overcome prature. having no further stimular to the exercise of those nowerful feelings. Five way to those powerful feelings, gives way to mature and sinks under the influence of her affiction, while the poor-little fatherless children give foose to their infinitile lamentations, and weep, they